

The Milkman Receives a Call

"We mustn't forget to order our milk, etc." Bob said.
"Why not go out to the Dairymen's Association?" asked Grace. "They have always furnished mother with milk, etc., and it is all sterilized, in fact all their products are, butter, buttermilk, etc., and they always put up nice ice cream. The manager is always advertising it and it must be pretty good stuff or they couldn't keep on advertising and selling it. Things have to be good to stand consistent advertising, father says."

"All right, we'll go there right away." He then told the driver where to go—and the car darted out King street.

"We would like to get a pound of butter and a quart of buttermilk, and we would like for you to deliver a quart of sweet milk to us every day," said Grace, as she gave their new address. "Yes, we've just been married and are starting housekeeping," answered Grace to the man, who knew who she was.

"We will be very glad to," said the man, "Our wagon will call at your house every day and we will also give careful attention to any special orders which you may phone in."

"Our milk all comes from healthy cows and is thoroughly sterilized before being delivered. Everything is as clean as we can keep it around this dairy. Everything is absolutely pure and I am sure that we shall give you satisfaction in every respect."

"Good day," said Bob. "We will have to hurry now, as we have a very busy day ahead of us."

"Remember our phone number—1542—and call us any time we can be of any service to you," called the man, as they passed out.



"Their Day Is Done" Home For Dinner

"Now, Prince Edward street, and home," breathed Bob, as he settled back into the car and consulted his watch, finding that it would be a little over an hour till the dinner would be served.

"Well, I think we have bought about everything that could be thought of in such a short space of time," commented the tired but happy Grace.

"I hope so," replied Bob.

The car sped over the road and they were soon at their new home again.

"Now you call at the hotel promptly at seven o'clock," Bob told the driver, as he handed him a two-dollar bill as extra pay for the excellent service rendered. "Please don't fail."

"I won't," said the driver, as he pocketed the money.

Together they went through the house on a tour of inspection. They found the floors waxed, the rugs laid, the furniture in place and dusted, the beds made, the bath-room fixtures up. In fact it seemed to them that nothing had been overlooked in the preparation of the house for their arrival.

"It's perfectly wonderful," Grace exclaimed again, as they completed their tour. "I would never have even dreamed that it could have been done."

"But we did it, little girl!" Bob replied, as he took her in his arms.



HAMPTON PAYS HIS BET

It was five minutes after seven when Grace and Bob sat in the living room of their new home. Grace wore her new dress and Bob thought that she had never looked more handsome than at that moment. There was a look of fatigue in her face but she laughed at the thought of seeing Hampton writing a check.

Bob wore his evening clothes—and lest she spoil him, Grace contented herself with mental approval of his appearance.

Grace looked down—and just then the sound of an automobile horn broke the stillness outside and they rushed to the window to see if it was their party arriving.

Sure enough! The car stopped in front of their house and four figures piled out. Bob switched on the porch light and opened the door to receive his guests.

Mr. Harper led the way. "Are you ready?" he asked anxiously.

Bob laughed. "Come right in. How do you do! Mr. Harper, Mr. Benton and Mr. Henderson, this is Mrs. Carson."

Mr. Hampton gazed about. "This looks very nice," he said in a bored sort of way.

"We want you to see the whole thing now, before we have our dinner," said Bob. "We will start in the kitchen."

He led the way to where Amelia, startled, looked up from her work to see four big men, in evening clothes, followed by Grace, enter. Bob then proceeded to the basement and after pointing out the stationary washtubs, etc., returned to the head of the line. Mr. Hampton's amazement increased when they passed through the dining room. "Why, you even have the pictures hanging," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Bob, "you'll hear about those pictures when the bill comes in." He winked at Grace. Harper, Benton and Henderson laughed loudly. "You'll find that getting married and furnishing a house is not such hard work, anyhow."

Hampton laughed and walked into the living room.

"Let's see what you have in here," he said.

Bob pointed out all the objects of interest and then led the way to the second floor.

Hampton looked carefully at all the furniture, tried the beds with his big fat hands and observed with interest that the rooms were completely furnished.

At that moment the voice of Amelia came up the stairs. "Dinner is served," she said.

The four guests needed no invitation nor urging and entered the dining room. Bob sat at one end of the table and Grace at the other, and between them, two on each side, sat their guests.

Grace pressed a button and Amelia, whom she had coached, entered with a bottle of champagne (or perhaps it was grape juice), swathed in a spotless napkin. Removing the cork, she proceeded around the table, filling the glasses.

As if in suspense as to what would happen next, the guests sat in silence.

When Amelia had retired, Mr. Harper arose and looked at Mr. Hampton, saying: "Hampton, what say you? Do you lose or win the bet?"

Hampton raised himself slowly out of his chair and said: "If Mr. Carson will tell me how much he spent, I shall write him a check at once."

"Well, Mr. Hampton, if you are satisfied that we have won, I'll tell you. We have spent for the house and furnishings exactly eighty-seven hundred dollars." Hampton received the verdict without flinching.

"We have bought a machine ourselves, which cost thirteen hundred, so really we have spent ten thousand dollars today—but I want to pay for the machine."

"Pay nothing," Hampton exclaimed. "Any one who can make a bet that he can marry, buy and furnish a house in a day and give a dinner to his friends in the evening, is entitled to a check for ten thousand dollars, if he is entitled to a cent—and now, I'm going to write you a check for that amount." He leaned over, scribbled the check and tore the slip out and handed it to Bob.

"Thank you very much," stammered Bob, almost overcome.

"And now," said Hampton, "I want to propose a toast to Mr. and Mrs. Carson: May they win every bet they make and always be as lucky as they are tonight."

